

Now why don't I get to enjoy any of that?

Being a bed is hard work. What a pack of lies that bastard who made me promised- that I'd experience a lifetime of tactile memories so powerful, few other furniture would ever come close. Nail by nail, part by part, I was hammered together with immense effort and meticulous nitpicking. Craftsmen and their obsession with using their acquired expertise from apprenticeship, carrying all the pride of the guild from the past. After all, I wasn't just an ordinary bed. I was at the pinnacle in the league of luxurious beds. So much for me serving a greater purpose in life for a greater good, providing endless nights of restful sleep and sweet dreams.

I thought myself a comfortable warm place where one spends almost half their lifetime; a space that bridges the conscious mind and subconscious. For all it's worth, I didn't think I'd double up as a fucking tool, and now my leg is broken. A broken leg, sweet dreams and copious amount of sex that I don't get to partake in. This isn't really what I'd expected. All that vigorous motions that makes me creak; there isn't a day I go by without a sore throat and my spine is starting to come loose and I certainly hope they don't give way. It'd be unimaginable to be ill with a bad throat and rendered an invalid. He would chuck me out after since I wouldn't be able to serve him as before.

It would be nice if he'd be more selective in his choice of playmates that he lays down upon my sacred body. His taste for chunky women of late has taken toil on my back, I'd

prefer he fucked them missionary rather than let them straddle on top. The grotesque images of oversized chunks of meat bobbing like a buoy in waters, incessant wailing and cries of ecstasy. I've gotten much better at measuring his pace with different partners. The chunkier they were, the more pleasure he took in delaying the whole process of mating, which in turn prolonged my pain. Sex on my body is back breaking work.

From air stewardess types to librarians and secretaries, he had them all. He eventually settled on this chunky one, and subsequently broke my leg. An overweight champion who ate all the time, before, during and after sex. She had an excellent sense of rhythm that made sex almost like a musical masterpiece peppered with staccato beats, crescendo and forte moments. I creaked along as accompaniment percussion, till that day they broke my leg while they were at it. That really hurt, but he had the courtesy to hammer it back into place. A broken leg is never as good as new, but I'm glad that I was not dismantled and chucked down the chute. Crippled, I continued to keep up with his activities and remained optimistic.

She snored too much, and every intermittent moment between sleep and sex was filled with food. Her voracious appetite for food grew on him and his interest in sex waned. This made me feel good about myself, as he was building his relationship with me, rather than fucking that piece of ham day and night. One day, she had an epiphany and decided to go on a strict diet. I heard her talking about becoming an evangelist to the obese, to rid the world of fat people. As she got fitter and slimmer, he started to take less

interest in her. She was getting leaner and more attractive as the days passed but he no longer found her exceedingly attractive, as he liked his women chunky.

She left.

He hadn't seen that coming as they had communicated less and less. While she gave up eating, he became more absorbed in his microwave dinners and crisps snacks than her. He had, I suppose reached that comfortable stage in the relationship where he took her existence for granted. The break up came as a shock to him, but he did little to salvage it or react to what had happened. Instead, of late he slept all over the house; on the floor, in the bathtub and on the sofa. Everywhere, except on me. How I wished I could reach out and touch him and cradle him to offer some warmth and comfort.

One morning, he woke up and got to work fervently. He cleaned up the house and picked up all the bits of food that she ate. He cleared out the fridge and cleaned up the entire flat and collected the bits and pieces of food, the last traces of her and placed them in a box. I thought he'd recover. Once and for all he'd rid all traces of reminders of her, starting a new fresh slate. But I was so wrong.

He went through the entire house and collected all her belongings she left behind. He was bordering on hysterics as he overturned tables, ransacked drawers forcefully and tore the curtains off its hinges. He started to rearrange the furniture in whole house and moved me into the centre of the living room. This was rather disconcerting because I was previous placed by the heater, and I was enjoying the

warm comfort before being moved into a stark living room littered with miscellaneous items on the floor.

I was caught in a shipwreck of a living room stripped of any other piece of furniture. I couldn't figure out what he was planning to do to me and I felt like a lamb lain to wait for a sacrificial ritual. The atmosphere was melancholic and damp. The boxes of her belongings sat in the corner, with the rotting food particles coming alive with mould. A morose palette of colours of leftover food items from weeks and months ago, outlined in a haphazard greens, grays and blues of mould.

It wasn't fair that I had to bear all the humiliation and painful memories of her. Day and night, he put together a collage of the food, half eaten, uneaten on my frame. I was also dressed in clothes, accessories and toiletries that she left behind; he was making me into a piece of art, a collage of her. As he nailed hardened pieces of bread and pasta into my bones, he buttered my feet with cream cheese and sauces. He put half eaten fruit, brown from oxidization on my face, and then painted the nails in my body with a shade of silvery blue- "L'Oreal Jet Set nail polish."

This food and objects collage, in loving memory of his lost love left me dirty, tainted and eroded my purpose of existence. I'd become a work of art, an embodiment of someone else. I've become nothing but an indelible memory. From the years we've been together, I had inevitably absorbed his energy and bits of his personality. We had an

intimate relationship that was difficult to define beyond physical intimacy and state of rest.

I wished I could have done something to salvage the tragic and bitter end. I knew that he was slowly giving in to hopelessness and despair as he laid on me for a rest. His heartbeat started to slow down with periods of irregularity and his breathing, stilted. I was sure he wasn't going to make it.

He collapsed the other day as he barely made it into my arms, breathing heavily with much effort. He wasn't found till months later. I cradled this stench of rotting meat with the love and care of a mother to a child. The decomposing corpse's fluids tasted rank and sour as it seeped through the mattress onto my body. It was a little stinky and his corpse turning cold and hard. I could imagine bedsores forming on the underside of his back where he remained in this same position for months. We were almost glued together as his skin stuck to my mattress.

One cannot underestimate the love of a bed. Old, creaky and imperfect, I have served my purpose in love and devotion; I've provided him a place of rest from the best times of his life while he engaged in his carnal adventures, nursed him as he rested sick in bed till his last moments alive.

Sore from nail wounds, and the moldy rotting stench of the food collage, I knew it was time to throw me out. They never keep the dead's furniture and personal items for fear that they'd come back.

